

More About the Boer War.

"The Great War Trek" is the picturesque title of a book by James Barnes, which bears the subtitle "With the British Army in the Veldt," and is the latest contribution to contemporaneous history on the subject of the war in South Africa. Mr. Barnes is not so aggressively profighter; and that the British, while mor- reason for this. ally right, have made some mistakes. To these, however, he alludes but gingerly; "Lays of the Scottish Cavallers," deand the chief value of the book is not in scribes this battle at length, and also the its criticisms or estimate of the cam- attitude of the English, whose troops paigns, but in the climpses it affords of under General Cope opposed the Highconditions in South Africa as seen by a landers under Prince Charlie. He says: keen observer and picturesque writer.

The preface to the book, which is not a large one, contains an interesting and rather funny illustration of the general fact that the man on the inside does not nee or cannot describe his own salient qualities to the world. Mr. Baynes says:

"I remember well looking over the diary of a friend of mine, an officer who had been through the campaign from the beginning. He resolved when he started to make a complete entry of his doings and impressions. He had promised to do this, I believe, for some member of his family—his mother or his sister. He had been bitten by the tarantula of literature, and confessed to have had a desire to see something of his own in print. I had begged him to let me see his journal, because he had been through many exciting roses. At last he consented, and brought the well-thumbed and worntovered book to me. He put it down with a glance over his shoulder, as if he was afraig somebody would see what he was doing. "Here it is,' he said, 'I'm afraid it will bore you awfully.' "The entries for the first week were

"The entries for the first week were voluminous. They had a dash of the literary descriptive, and, speaking from a newspaper standpoint, they would have made good 'copy.' He had been in two battles within a week, and his regiment had distinguished itself. He had contributed to its record for the battle but of that he said little. gallantry, but of that he said little. Still, he told simply and very vividly what he had seen and how he felt. At the end of a week the entries grew shorter, but he was faithful, and re-corded every day. They grew shorter yet, for the army was resting and he had excuse for not covering more space. Once he spread himself, and described very humorously a sandstorm. At another time he put down the score of a cricket match; then the army moved, and he began from that

date with the following:

"'At last I shall have something to
write about. We are off!"

"He made a good, honest attempt,
but it would not work. He soon was
writing something after this fashion:

"Moved northeast of Blankfontein,
hot dusty march, algebran miles not, dusty march; eighteen miles. Water very bad. Mounted infantry had slight skirmish on left flank. Parker of -shires killed. Knew him well. With me at Sandhurst. Played good game whist. Looks as if Boers were clearing. Cigarettes are all out.
"Further on, on the day when he was
mentioned in despatches, I found the

"Under fire all afternoon. Poor Smythe badly hit. Left me in charge of company. Men behaved splendidly, Had some difficulty getting up ammu-nition. Boers held kopje near railway, when small party worked close to, on flank, and dislodged them. Very tired tonight. Just returned from hosmen killed, eleven wounded. Sergeant Jackson died in ambulance. Probably more fighting temorrow.'

"And on the morrow there was more fighting. It lasted for an hour or so in the morning, and there was a big entry in the officer's diary. It was a long and detailed account of how he found a chameleon, and experimented with it in watching it change colors He made a record of the time it took between hues, and he even made a sketch of it. It was very interesting but I believe his sister or his mother could have got quite as good an ac-count (and had the name spelled correctly into the bargain) out of Wood's

This reminds one of Hopkinson Smith's character sketch in which the story of a heroic act simmered down, when told by "the hero, in his log-book, into the sen-"Captain Joe stopped leak in ferry-

The first chapter of Mr. Barnes' book contains a vivid account of the way in which the war was taken by the people Ladysmith. His own attitude on the Transvani question is summed up in the beginning of the third chapter. He says:

"The country was full of sedition. Cape Town itself was the very hot-bed of it. The Africander Bond and its members, almost to a man, hoped for the success of the burgher cause. They are the pro-Boer party of the colony. But they differ from the Boer of the Transvaal veldt-they claim no griev-ance. Their animus is a racial dislike. ance. Their animus is a racial dislike. The actual fighting men from up coun-The actual fighting men from up country are different. And now a word as to these fighting men—an interpolation, a digression. These Boers speak little English. They know no more of what the rule of England means than wild men in Kamchatka. But their fathers have fold them what it was years ago, and what it was then it must be now. They do not know that the great Empire has developed a co-onial government under which records lonial government under which people live as free as in the most visionary republic that men's minds have formed; that laws are now the same for all men, black or white, brown or yellow, and they may speak any language under the sun and walk as kings. The liberality of the Government in Cape Colony they put down to weakness, to a fear of showing harshness lest the English be overted and this feeling. lish be ousted, and this feeling many of the leaders, also, who know better, have fed and kept alive. Politics, bad nave sed and kept give. Pointes, had politics, corruption and ignorance are at the bottom of much of the trouble. Race hatred has done the rest. Many of these Boer farmer soldiers have been told, and believed beyond question of a doubt, that should the British triumph, their houses will be taken, their lands configurated and they them. their lands confiscated, and they them-selves be deprived of their liberty! They do not read or write (I am speakring of the minority, perhaps, of the older generation, but let us say the great minority; they live by the Word of God, and are ruled by the precess of Judea; they think like men of the Reformation; they act under these influences like the people of long-most centuries. long-past centuries. A plague of lo-custs is a visitation of the wrath of the Almighty. Should they perish as a nation, it is God's will!"

This is almost the only place in which the writer expresses an opinion on the character of Briton and Boer, except that he consistently praises Tommy Atkins. The rest of the book is given up to nersonal experiences and observations of one kind or another.

Like other books of its kind, this gives considerable space to the terrible surprise of the battle of Magersfontein, the ambush of the Highland regiments. It is graphically and well described, and there is one incident in it which nobody else has happened to record, and which is odd enough to deserve special mention.

"All the forces on the left and centre began to come back; few ran; but back they came, steadily and surely. The officers, what few there were left, ran here and there, endeavoring to rally here and there, endeavoring to rally them by plateons and companies. A piper—one of the Argyles, I think—tried to tune up his pipes, but his lips were too dry, and a major placed his own water bottle in his hand. Soon the screel began, 'Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wankin' yet?'—somebody said that was the tune. The men gathered round him as he stood there playing, marking time with the stamping of his foot. And now the tide was stemmed once more; the men were sifted into regiments and then into con-for some there were no officers.

Now, the tune, "Hey, Johnnie Cope," has a history which is, in this connection, deeldedly seculiar. It is an old Jacobite mir, the child of the battle of Preston British as Julian Ralph, nor so pro-Roer | Pans, and, like most music of this class, as Richard Harding Davis. He takes the is full of a wild and savage charm. It is ground that the Boer farmer has been a taunting, gleeful, malicious tune, as misled by shrewd politicians, but is an who should say, "Ah, how do you feel estimable man and a brave and sagacious | now, my fine gentleman?" There is a

William Edmonston Aytoun, in his

They had thorough confidence in the intrepidity of their regular troops and in the capacity of their comman and in the capacity of their commander; and they never for a moment supposed that these could be successfully encountered by a raw levy of undisciplined Highlanders, ill armed and worse equipped, and without the support of any artillery.

The issue of the battle of Preston Pans struck Edinburgh with amazement * * * In four minutes—for the battle is said not to have lasted longer, the Highlanders having made one terrific and invetuous charge—

one terrific and invetuous charge—
the rout of the regulars was general.
The infantry was broken and cut to
pieces; the dragoons, who behaved
shamefully on the occasion, turned
bride and fled, without having once
crossed swords with the enemy. Mr.
Chambers thus terminates his account
of the action. The general results of Chambers thus terminates his account of the action: 'The general results of the battle of Preston Pan may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the royal army. ' * 'The unfortunate Cope had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner's dragoons, to stop and raily them, but was borne headlong, with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforis to the contrary. On getting beclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On getting beyond the village, where he was joined by the retreating bands of the other regiment, he made one anxious effect, with the Earls of Loudon and Home, to form and bring them back to charge the enemy, but in vain. * * * He everywhere brought the first tidings of his own defeat."

After that some unknown piper, poet, or camp follower wrote this song, which is set to a tune entirely befitting its gleeful malice. It runs in part as follows:

Cope sent a challenge frac Dunbar, "Charlie, meet me an ye daur, And I'll learn you the art o' war, If ye'll meet wi' me in the mornin'!"

Hey! Johnnie Cope are ye waukin' yet? Or are your drums a-heatin' yet? If ye were wankin' I would wait If ye were wankin' I would want To gang to the coals i' the mornin'!

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came Ther spiered at him, "Where's a' your men?" "The dell confound me gin I ken," For I left them a' in the morning."

Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat And leave your men in sic a strait So early in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

It will be remembered that not so very far from the time of this battle Braddock. in the American colonies, was making precisely the same blunder of scorning Cope.

Cope; although the deaforth Highlanders and the Gordons and the Argyll Regiment were of much better stuff than the British regulars who were mowed down by the claymore at Preston Pans. Add to this the fact that the Campbell and Sutherland clans remained on the side of the \$1.) Government and refused to join in the Jacobite uprising, and it appears sufficiently queer that an Argyll piper should have rallied his comrades with this particular air of "Hey, Johnnie Cope." It is what might be called a unique historical coincidence.

It is rather interesting to note Mr. of London at the beginning and later on, Barnes' description of the sound of bulfor he did not leave for the front until lets when one is under fire. Every writer after Sir George White was shut up in seems to have a different impression of It. This is his:

"The space overhead was full of the whining of bullets; the sound was like the sudden tightening and loosening of fiddle-strings high in midair, little scurrying notes of music changing from sharp to flat and from flat to sharp again. Now and then one whir-ruped like a whip-lash. Being at about the extreme limit of fire, some occa-sionally fell among the rocks with spiteful little whacks and spats. The feeling of loneliness increased, I wantwhining of bullets; the sound was like feeling of loneliness increased. I wanted to be where there were human beings, where there was other company than the little whimpering air-deviis." Here is his impression of Lord Roberts.

"There was the man of Kandahar! Yet he was so simple, so good to look at, so kindly, so different from what I had expected, that I had to learn him over again on the spot, as it were. He was not old, he was not were. He was not old, he was not young, he was not middle-aged. His firm mouth, with its downward lines, was neither hard nor soft, but purposeful. Beneuth the honest breadth of brow his grey eyes were keen, frank, and youthful, but they suggested that they had seen much. He was small in stature, but ne did not suggest lack of inches; he had the well-knit, compact figure of the man who gest lack of inches; he had the well-knit, compact figure of the man who rides 'cross country. Manner he had none; he had the giamour of absolute self-forgetfulness that marks the truly great. He was just what he was. I wondered if he were ever dif-ferent. At a giance you trusted him, but when he spoke you loved him. but when he spoke you loved him. And it is these qualities together that make men lead other men to do big

"The staff of the First division had made great preparations for the field marshal's coming. They had cleaned out the dingy old billiard room and out the dingy sold billiard room and bar of Glover's Crown Hotel; and they had moved the refreshment counter back into a vile smelling stable, and from somewhere they had raked up a set of old damask furniture. Tables and desks and even a carpet had been recommended from various sources. commandeered from various sources,

"Lord Methuen was a general. He Lord Methuen was a general. He lived in the south wing of the hotel, and his staff and servants had the run of the place, but they allowed other officers and even war correspondents certain minor rights. Lord Methuen was a general, and keenly felt the position. Lord Roberts, who was a field marshal, never felt it at all.
"So he thanked the staff kindly. I

am sure he did it in a way that never hurt their feelings; and he pitched his little tent down on the dusty yeldt and sau him down on a 'attle chair that folded up like a fishing rod." Here is another glimpse of him:

"With the field marshal was another little grey man, wearing spectacles. He was smaller and older but he wTS of the same type, wiry and tireless. I had noticed him riding with the headquarters staff on one or two occasions, but no one could tell me who he was or what was his position. The field marshal had opened a map and was bending over it. The mysterious little gentleman and he were having a consultation. I asked an aide who the stranger was. "With the field marshal was another a consultation. I asked an aide who the strainger was.

"Oh, said he, 'that's an old story.
They're old friends. No; he occupies no official position. He's The Guest,
"Later I got more of the tale.
It seems that the little grey colonel had seen over thirty-five years of

service in the army when he was re-tired. He had been on every cam-paign and battlefield with Lord tired. He had been on every campaign and battlefield with Lord Roberts, and when the latter was appointed to this command the old friend had written and reminded him of their long comradeship. Also he expressed the wish, if possible, to be allowed to go on this, perhaps the field marshal's last campaign.

"Anyone who knew Lord Roberts could have told what the answer would have been. The two were chums together once more on artive service in South Africa."

And that is a very pretty little story. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

Recent Fiction.

"Mills of God," by Elinor Macartney Lane, is a book which has been advertised perhaps more cleverly than any other book this season, and, as usual in such cases, the reader opens it prepared to be cross if the overture proves superior to the opera. It must be confessed that some such impression is likely to result from the reading of the story. The air of realism lent to the tale by the illustrations is scarcely borne out by the novel itself.

The picture of the heroine, Elinor, Lady Grafton, is supposed to be copied from an old miniature, and the origin of the house of Grafton is also brought into the romance. The hero is Henry, Lord Bedford, and his picture is copied from a bas-relief, while the sub-herolne, Anne, Lady Redford, is represented by an old silliouette, and the person who tells the story, and who appears to be a sort of steward or factorum of the heroine, is pictured as a somewhat haughty-looking individual peering out of an old portrait. This person, Robin Killduff by name, is possibly the most remarkable character in the novel. He falls in love with Lady

Elinor at first sight, but never tells her anything about it, his love being of the useful order, and it seems to be enough for him to be rewarded with a careless word of thanks now and then. In short, he plays alternately the part of gooseberry and tame cat, and tells all about it in his journal, or recollections, or whatever the book is supposed to be. It is not a very dignified proceeding, but the story had to be told somehow. When, however, this paragon of a person actually allows his lady to believe him guilty of a disgraceful intrigue, in order to save her from the knowledge that her own son was the person concerned, it seems a little too much to believe. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

"The Wilderness Road," by Joseph A. Altsheler, author of "In Circling Camps" and "A Herald of the West," both American historical novels, sustains the reputation achieved by its predecessors. Its chief merit lies in the vivid pictures given of the times and characters wherewith it denis.

The scene is laid in Kentucky and the time is the close of the eighteenth century, when the pioneers of that State were fighting desperately in Indian wars and the campaigns of St. Clair and "Mad Anthony" Wayne were undertaken. The hero is an ex-officer of the Continental Army and the villain his cousin. The heroine is the daughter of a rich Eastern man who has come to the West in search of more riches and the power which comes of developing a new country. The way in which these two young people are continually crossing each other's path without intending it is very funny, but it is not an uncommon trick of people who are in the incipient stages of a love affair. The heroine is taken prisoner by the Indians and is, of course, rescued. The hero is under a dark cloud during most of the progress of the tale. but the cloud is finally lifted and dropped on the villain.

Osseo, a magnificent red man who reush-fighter and over-estimating the | minds one rather of Chingaebrook do advantages of military discipline that not amount to much, but the descriptions was made by the unfortunate General of battles, marches, and camps, and of thrilling adventures in general are really One hundred and fifty years afterward superb; and the atmosphere of struggle, Highland regiments, fighting under En- doubt, and uncertainty, and of dogged, glish direction, in a land which was resistless fighting, in which the Kentucky scarcely heard of in the time of Prince pioneer lived, is also reproduced with Charlle, fall victims to the same old error great skill. The story of "the wilderon the part of England, and are routed ness road" has seldom been better told. just as the English dragoons were under (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

> "The Seal of Silence," by Arthur R. Conder, is a novel dealing with a murder mystery. It is rather long-drawn out and mixed up, but is not bad light reading. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.,

"In the Name of Woman" is a novel by Arthur W. Marchmont, author of "A Dash for a Throne," and, like other novfreely sent forth by England—one of "the & Co. \$1.75.) legion that never was 'listed." The book would not make a bad melodrama if it. were dramatized. (New York: Frederica A. Stokes & Co.)

"Ensign Keightley," by A. E. W. Mason is a small volume containing a bunch of short stories, good and indifferent, but not at all bad. The first is decidedly dramatic, though recalling in some ways Kipling's "The Man Who Was." Johannesburg" is a South African tale of Frederick A. Stokes & Co.)

"The Mysterious Burglar," by George E. Walsh, is a detective story of considerable merit. The interest is well sustained and the reader kept in the dark as to the real nature of the mystery, until almost the last moment, (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.)

"The White Cottage," by "Zack," is a new book by an English writer who is now fairly well known as Miss Gwendoline Keats. It is said that she has adopted a pen name through not wishing to mix her literary reputation with that of the

This book, which is a novel, is by all odds the best work she has yet done. It is broadly simple in its outlines, but not crude. The characters are all rustics, apparently people of the Devon coast, and each is clear-cut and individual. The story is almost purely psychological in its interest, dealing with the development of one of those wild, untutored, and unteachable natures which are a law unto themselves, and to which, as by some strange fascination, the hearts of both men and women are often drawn, spite of all that they may do to forfeit love and respect. This man, Ben Lupin, is by all laws a rascal; yet the render insensibly falls into the attitude of the people who knew him, and does not regard him as one. Exception must be taken to his rival, Mark Tavy, who hates him as only a quiet, undemonstrative man can hate the person who steps in easily ahead of him and carries off the prize. As for Luce, the wife of Lupin, she is thorough woman, an elementary, undisciplined creature, ready to love, to hate,

to be angry, and to forgive. There are moral problems mixed up in this story, but they come in by the way. and are subordinated to, or rather ideatified with, the human interest. It is at the very least an interesting study of primitive English peasant life. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

idson, is a book supposed to deal with on the subject of ferns which has come to modern New York society, and that is the light in recent years. (New York: Fredworst of it. The author has constructed | crick A. Stokes Company.)

a fairly good plot, which he might have made work, if he had confined himself to that; but having attempted a realistic picture of the Four Hundred, he wets tangled up in it, and retards his action sadly. It is obvious that some of his minor characters are intended to represent people more or less known to the readers of society columns. His characters, with the exception of one, the villain, are puppets. The villain, who carried the plot on his back, or, to be exact, on the skin of his right arm in the shape of a tattooed snake, is really admirable. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.)

Miscellaneous Books.

"A Little Book of Tribune Verse," by Ebgene Field, is one of those resurrection volumes of verse gug up from the files of papers on which Field was once associate editor. As there were several such papers, and on every one Field left his unmistakable imprint, it seems as if the volumes of verse might continue to appear ad infinitum until the limit of the public patience or the consciences of the editors is reached. The former limit is already in sight.

Most of these verses are bad. It is noteworthy that only a very small part of Field's contributions in prose and thyme were considered by him worthy of a place in any permanent collection. Some of the selections here made by Joseph G. Brown, of the "Denver Tribune," editor of the present volume, are bad enough to make the reader expect things. If there is much more of this sort of work, the dead poet may, in the words of Ben King:

arise in his large white cravat, And say, "What's that? Something is to be allowed to the temerity of the wild and woolly West, but even a Denverite may be expected to have the delicacy not to do this twice.

"Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," by F. Schuyler Mathews, is a book which will be of great assistance to the amateur student of botany. It is altogether the best thing yet published on the subject, and is not only comprehensive, but ac-

curate. To the neophyte the study of trees is one of the most puzzling things in botany. The blossoms are far from being so easily unraveled as are those of flowers, and, moreover, most trees flower in the spring, before the cfty student gets into the before the city student gets into the don Letter, wrote to the "New York woods at all. Yet there are thousands of Times Saturday Review:" "I have sevnature-lovers summering in the country, who would be glad to make acquaintance with their leafy friends of meadow and grove, if they only had a chaperon to do the introducing.

The farmer will not do. In the first place he is usually too busy and in the second, the names which he gives are often inaccurate, unless he happens to be a graduate of some agricultural college or a scientific enthusiast. For example, the common name of the spruce in some localitles is "spruce-pine." The farmer will tell you that there are yellow pine, scrub pine, and spruce pine. He might as well say that there are Belgian hares, cottontail hares, and chipmunk hares, for the spruce and the pine are two distinct specles, the first being known to botanists as Picea and the second as Pinus. There is no more kinship between them than between a hen and a pigeon. They are both evergreens, and that is about all.

Mr. Mathews puts the reader of his book beyond the danger of any blunders of this kind. He is accurate, clear, and interesting in his way of imparting information, and has covered the ground completely, including all common trees and some which are not so common in The characters, with the exception of his classification. His text is supplemented by numerous and admirable illustraplete trees, and others showing merely the leaf, blossom, fruit, or branch. It is safe to say that nobody, with the aid of this book and ordinary intelligence, can fall to discover the name, history, and nature of any tree he is likely to encounter in his daily walks, especially if he be in a rural neighborhood. Near towns he may discover that bete noir of the amateur botanist, something "escaped from cultivation" and not to be found in any ordinary text-book. Such books as garden flower or tree is brought often from a distant part of the world, and els by the same author, is a romance of ing in forms which puzzle the botanist. love, intrigue, and adventure in Easiern The "pansy violet," found near Washing-Europe. The scene is laid in Eulgaria, ton, but seldom elsewhere, is such a speciand the heroine is a claimant to the men. But Mr. Mathews' book covers the throne of that country, while the hero is vast majority of the tree inhabitants of one of those gentlemen adventurers so this country. (New York; D. Appleton "Zack" (Miss Keats) whose novels have

"Our Ferns in Their Haunts," by Willard N. Clute, is a book which will be both interesting and valuable to those who wish to know ferns well. It is fully illustrated, and the pictures are mostly of a kind to be of great assistance to the amateur botanist.

While this book is not intended for those who already are familiar with the "The fern kingdom, it is a good reference book; Coward" and "The Deserter" are two and it will be useful to any teacher of stories of soldier life which are very botany. Its main value, however, will be good, and "How Barrington Returned to to the amateur-the lover of nature, who is puzzled and bothered by the analytiweird and gruesome horror. Perhaps the cal key, and yet wishes to call by name titled "The Supreme Surrender," and, albest tale in the book, however, is "Hat- the members of the fern kingdom which though a first novel, the author is alteras," albeit the good which is in it is he may see, to make, perhaps, a collectready well known in journalistic circles. rather unwholesome. It is a tale of the tion of them, and to understand their naAfrican coast, and sombre in the extreme; ture and habits of growth. Mr. Clute's years in charge of the Washington bureau of the "Boston Globe" book will enable the veriest novice in science to do this.

The fern is one of the most difficult work by H. B. Irving, entitled "Studies of things for the amateur botanist to handle. French Criminals of the Nineteenth Cen-It has no seed, properly speaking; and tury." The author of this book will be the tiny spores are concealed and placed remembered as having written "The Life in a manner varying so widely in different of Judge Jeffries," which attracted unspecies, and so ingenious in many instances, that it is easy to fall into the error of supposing that they are not there at all. Yet the manner of protecting the at all. Yet the distinguishing marks spores is one of the distinguishing marks been gathered from the French crimi of each species. The maid ahair rolls the edge of the frond over the fruit; the brakes send up a stiff brown stalk laden with nothing but brown spore-cases; the aspidiom covers all the under side of its | nal justice in France, tip with brown dust, and the asplenium dots the entire side of its frond with little shield shaped coverings, under each of which are sheltered sporangia. Moreover, there are almost infinitely numerous over, there are almost infinitely numerous our Frederick A. Stokes & Co. OUR FERNS IN THEIR HAUNTS: A Guide to All variations of the same species, and some species are extremely hard to find anywhere. Of the latter class is the so-called walking-fern, which looks more like a THE RUBAIYAT OF MIRZA-MEM'N. Chicago. consumptive sorrel leaf than anything Henry Obradorf Shepard.

THE GREAT WAR TREE: With the British

is one which grows on the student, and is difficult to get rid of, and there is no better way to eatch fern fever than to take this book into the woods and hunt up the plants described in it. The fern is in itself so exquisite and dainty a thing. fragile-seeming, yet hardy and enduring, wilting and reviving almost at a touch, growing in the most inaccessible places and carpeting barren pastures where even sheep cannot feed, that there seems something peculiarly captivating about its whimsical ways. It varies more in form than perhaps any other plant save the orchid, and some of its shapes are fantastic, but all are graseful.

Those who spend their summers in the country will find that it adds much to the pleasure of a sojourn in a rural neighborhood to have some hobby. It is a mistake to suppose that botany is a difficult study. It is not, with all the assistance afforded by modern works on the subject; "The Moderns," by George Trimble Days | and this is all in all the best popular work

LITERARY NOTES.

A transcontinental ride nowadays is neither as arduous nor as mementous as was that memorable horseback journey of Marcus Whitman in the winter of '42-3. That Whitman saved Oregon, and came East for that purpose, seems to be an in-controvertible fact since the appearance of Dr. William A. Mowry's work, "Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon.

Dr. Charles W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely, writing of Annie Nathan Meyer's novel, "Robert Annys: Poor Priest," speaks of it with unqualified praise as a fine piece of historical work and also a charming romance It is not often that one comes ncross a writer who to competent historical outfit adds such a poetic gift of visualization. "I read jealously the de-scriptions of Ely, and was pleased to find how the glamour and poetry of Ely, and int Audrey's great minster of Feuland has found true and accurate expression in these pages." He also speaks of the vivid intensity with which Mrs. Meyer has realized in her book the national leson that sound and safe social revolution can only follow true revolution—that change of national institutions can only be permanent when it follows change of thought and character.

Another valuable manual which Cassell & Co. have ready in their "Technical Instruction Series" is entitled "Practical Braftsmen's Work." In this manual is given a course of practical instruction in the art of making mechanical and architectural drawings. All the general principles upon which this class of drawings are constructed are dealt with, and any attentive reader who will work out en-larged copies of the diagrams will have made very substantial progress toward becoming a skilled draftsman. There is a chapter, also, on the coloring of drawings, with a list of distinctive colors generally used. generally used.

Mr. John Lane is about to remove his New York office from its present location (Denver, Col.; Tandy, Wheeler & Co. at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street to 67 Fifth Avenue, now occupied by the firm of Truslove, Hanson & Comba, whose business, mainly in French, Italian, and Spanish books, he will absorb. He will also henceforth be agent for the publications of the Theosophical Society.

Edmund Gosse has said of the author of "The Land of Cockayne," just published ("Harper's"): "The most prominent imaginative writer of the latest generation in Italy is a woman." He referred to Matilda Serao, whose remarkable work is almost unknown in this country. Some months ago, Mr. W. L. Alden, in his Loneral times spoken in these letters of Maeral times spoken in these letters of Ma-tilde Serao as the greatest living Italian novelist. I confess that it has irritated me to see D'Annunzio, clever as he un-doubtedly is in his limited and erotic way, praised to the skies, while Matilde Serao, who ranks above him as surely as George Eliot ranks above Richard Le as George Eliot ranks above rachards. Gallienne, is strangely overlooked. * * * Here is a genuine literary jewel, and it has been tossed aside by people who eaghts to the glittering paste of erly picked up the glittering paste D'Annuazio."

What has been called in England one of the most authoritative manuals on "Bridge," by John Doc, will be published at once in this country by Frederick Warne & Co. It has illustrated hands in actual play printed in red and black.

J. O. Brant-Sero is a descendant of Joseph Brant, the captain of the Six Nations during the border wars of the Revolution, now living in Canada, though at present he is in England lecturing on Indian music, songs and dances. He re-cently wrote to Mr. F. W. Halsey, author "The Old New York Frontier," thanking him for sending to the Mohawks on the Grand River Reserve a copy of his book, which has much to say, of course, about the Mohawks and Joseph Brant. He says in connection therewith:

"I have advocated for some time the necessity of bringing into existence a library which shall contribute its uses to ulated to encourage the rising genera tion in the use of letters than a practical illustration in supplying those who care to read for the love of it with such litera-ture which cannot fail to interest the old

The Macmillan Company is just publishing the "Lectures on the History of Physlology During the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries," by Sir Michael Foster.

An elderly, blind white horse used to these are not supposed to deal with the furnish the power that drove some of the vegetation of gardens and lawns. The presses at Harper & Bros. in the early 20's of the last century. In those days publishers, like the rest of the world, oftener it is distorted by the art of the were not so much in a hurry as they are gardener so that few of its original char- now. The old horse was humanely acteristics are left. When the plant es- chosen for his blindness, as his work was capes from cultivation it becomes a weed and begins to travel, sometimes appearing in forms which puzzle the botanist ing in forms which puzzle the botanist. in bewilderment at the modern machinery of a large publishing house, with its elec-trical appliances and its tremendous productive capacity.

> been so highly praised in England and in this country, contributes a humorous and rather fantastic story to the Fiction Number of "Scribner's."
>
> And one is for love, you know;
> And God puts another in for lock—
> If you search you will find where they grow.

The seventh novel in the American Contemporary Novels Series from the Harpers, to be published on the 23d instant, will be by a new writer, whose first essay in fiction is an exciting story of a backwoods railroad and lumber town in Michigan, entitled "The Manager of the B. & A." The author. Vaughan Kester, is a brother of Paul Kester.

The August novel in the American Contemporary Novels Series (Harpers), is en-

Brentanos have for early publication a

New Books Received.

the Native Species. By Williard Nelson Clute, Hustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes

Army on the Veldt. By James Barnes. New York. D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50 net. THE LAST CONFESSIONS OF MARIE BASH-RICTSEFF: And Her Correspondence With Guy de Maupassant. With a foreword by Jeannette L. Gilder, New Yo. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. MILLS OF GOD. A Novel. By Flinor Macart-

mey Lane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. FAMILIAR TREES AND THEIR LEAVES: De scribed and Illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A SUMMER HYMNAL: A Romance of Tennessee

By John Tretwood Moore, Philadelphia; Henry T. Ceates & Co. 81.25. THE SEAL OF SILENCE, A Novel, By Arthur R. Conder. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 81.60. THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA: A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists, Isadore Singer, Projector and Man-

NSIGN KNIGHTLEY AND OTHER STORIES. By A. E. W. Mason, New York: Frederick OK OF TRIBUNE VERSE: A Number of Hitherto Uncollected Poens, Grave and
Gay, by Eugone Field. Collected and edited
by Joseph G. Brown. Denver, Col.: Tandy,
Wheeler & Co. \$1.56.

Dear hands: Brave lands: I pressly honer your
For lofty deeds in lowly spirit done.
Maimed and unbeautiful to careless view
What victories of peace those hands have woul
—M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

aging Editor, New York; Funk & Wagnalls

CURRENT VERSE

That day, the calm season of rest, Shall come to us freezing and frigid;

Shall come to its freezing and irigin;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.
With sermons from morning till night,
We'll strive to be decent and dreary,

All tradesmen cry up their own wares,

In this they agree well together; The mason by stone and lime swears, The tanner is always for leather.

The face of kind Nature is fair,

To preachers a praise and delight, Who ne'er think that sermons can weary.

The smith still for iron would go,

The schoolmaster stands up for teaching,
And the parson would fain have you know
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

But our system obscures its effulgence. How sweet is a breath of fresh age! But our rules don't allow the indulgence.

What though a good precept we strain Till hateful and hutful we make it! What though in thus pulling the rein

Then, though we can't certainly tell

How mirth may molest us on Monday, At least, to begin the week well,

So let us seem to smile to them below.

But only this we ask: for one swift hour at

nightfall, Give us the dark to shroud us, foot and head;

That we, ourselves, may own ourselves defeated,
And wail aloud because our hopes are dead.

-Flavia Rosser, in the Criterion.

July Days.

Softly drone the honey bees; Blossom scented is the breeze; Golden is the grain. Over all the faintest haze Rests, and songbirds pipe their lays

In a sweeter Strain,

From the meadows comes the scent

Of the new hay, clover blent— In the topaz sky

Fleecy clouds, like ships at sea,

To my soul, for doubly near.

At July's behest,
She has come, and coming brings
Surcease from all weary things—
Blissful sense of rest!
—John Kendrick Bangs.

In Angel Court.

Grows faint and sick; to left and right

The cowering houses shrink from night, Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say. For surely rare Must be the angel-shapes that light

In Angel Court!

In Angel Court!

Unschooled in Letters and in Arts unversed; Ignocant of Empire; bounded in their view By the lone billowing yeldt where they upgraw

Amid great silences; a people numed.

Apart, the far-sown seed of them that erst

Apart Alva's sword could tame; now, blindly hurle

Against the march of the majestic world,

They fight and die with dauntless bosoms curst,

-William Watson, in London Daily News,

To strive for freedom; and no Briton he Who to such valor in a desperate field A knightly salutation can refuse.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,

But you must have hope, and you must have faith;

You must love and he strong—and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow,
—Ella Higginson, in the Boston Transcript.

The Cities of the World.

Like camp fires of a night, in ashes grey Crumble and fall; the wind blows them away. Karnak and Naucratis and Rabylon—

Just Wide Enough For Two.

Beginning vonder neath the hill, The needowhood meandering through the wanders at its own sweet will,

Just wide enough not very wide-Just wide enough for her and ms-But, ah, the flow'rs that bloom beside

A king's estate I'd covet not, Yea-happter than a king I'd be, E'en though all penniless my lot,

If there could come again to me

A chance to hold again her hand, A summer sky of radiant blue— The blackbird's song to speed us, and The path just wide enough for two!

Her Parasol.

Her parased my lady brings To screen the smedime from her face, A thing of elenderness and grace,

A fluttering of scarlet strings, A dainty froth of silken things, A whirl of ribbon and of lace—

Her parasol is pink and white

With strings of scarlet sweet to see, As dainty as a thing could be With bows and ribbons all bedight,

And though it screens her from the light, Alas! It screens my light from me-

A Service of Hands.

When from their cherished idels rudely torn,

I love to think that once that callonsed paim, With dimples in the rosy flesh was set. That once fond lips anointed with love's balm Pressed lisses there that live in memory yet.

Asked entrance for a soul in Paradise.

-Pall Mall Gazette.

Her parasol.

The bending branch and hird and bee!

The cities of the world, one after one,

And the cherry blooms burst with snow, And down underneath is the loveliest nock,

Death by the doorsay stands to smite; Life in its garrets leass to light: And Love has climbed the crambling stair

Nay: the Eternities are there.

In Angel Court the sunless air

Floating onward lazily, Or at anchor lie.

Nature now is doubly dear

These gardens, their walks and green bowers Might be free to the poor man for one day, But no! the glad plants and gay flowers Musn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

We may draw it so fight as to break it.

Abroad we forbid folks to roam

For fear they get social and frisky.

But, of course, they can sat still at home

And get dismaily drunk upon whisky.

Let us all be unhappy on Sunday!
-Lord Newnes, 1863.

The Defented.

sweet the goal may be, we have been near

NOTES AND QUERIES. Let Us All Be Unhappy on Sunday. What was the vote of Oregon in the last Pred-ential election? We realots made up of stiff clay,
We sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly today,
Resolve to be wretched tomorrow.

McKinley, 46,526; Bryan, 33,385. How many immigrants entered the United States in 1900? J. J. D. We can't to a certainty fell
What mirth may molest us on Monday,
But, at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

The total number for the fiscal year ending June 20, 1900, was 448,572.

Where is Mercer University located, and when was it founded? If, J. S. It is located near Macon, Ca., and was

Who is the culer of Abyssinia, and what is Emperor Menelik II. What was the population of Memphis in 1860?

According to the census of that year,

What is the length of the Eric Canal? 2. How many locks are there between Albany and Buffalo? R. J. T.

Who is the author of "Curfew must not ring tonight?" 2. Who is the author of "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man?" A. G. L. Rose Hartwick Thorne. 2 Thomas

Who is the author of the expression, "A feast of reason and a flow of soul," and where may it he found?

A. H. We sing of victory, of victory, we, the defeated; With shining, steady fingers, point stars, seen through tears; Vaunt valor, though long vanquished, peace. be found? Alexander Pope; lines 126 and 127 of

though unblessed;
Fearlessness knowing all fetters and all fears:
We sing of victory, of victory, we, the defeated;
Herald high hopes, whose hopes are long since issignee?

The climbers say we sit serene, and look unto us:
Well, be it so, we know the way they tread.
How much they need the smile, the singing, this Yes. 2, Yes.

Yea, sing a brave, loud song that they may hear it. Though earth fall from us, let us stand firm-Lift up our eyes to mirror suns therein; Sing out full-throated, be merciful, warm-handed. Stronger than death, and wiser far than sin.

How much ivery is contained in an elephant's tusk of average size? 2. What is the weight of a fully grown elephant? E. Is. B.

How many Marys are mentioned in the Bible!

distance from home plate to second base? And from home plate to first base? A. B. It was not invented by any one per-son, but developed slowly from the Eng-lish game of "rounders," some claim though, the two have very little in com-mon. 2, 127,2780 feet. 3, 30 feet.

good luck? tyling him to the wall, and subjecting him to so much pain that the captive, in order to secure his release, promised nev-er to enter a place where a horseshoe was

first appear upon gold and silver coins of th United States? E. H. O. Unum" on the double eagle, eagle, half-eagle, silver dollar, half dollar, and nickle 5-cent pieces. In 1854 the motto was used on the 2-cent copper issue, its introduc-tion being due to James Pollock, Director of the Mint, with the approval of S. P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury.

2. What is the address of the natur San Francisco was a disastrous defeat for the Peruvians and Boitvians. Tara-paca was a costly victory for these allies. A naval fight near Poort Mejillones was a disaster for Peru, and Tacua, Chorillos. and Miraffores were successive victories for the Chileans. This war was waged in 1879, 1880, and 1881. 2. West Park, New

It was first organized in London, Eng-

By whom was "Rock of Ages" written? 2. By whom was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" written? 3. When were pipe organs invented, and when were they first used in a church? 4. What is the eldest college in Pennsylvania, and whe stablished?

By Augustus Montague Toplady, who lived from 1740 to 1778. 2 By Charles Wesley, 3 It is not known, but it was very long ago, probably in the second century before Christ. It is said that the instrument was first introduced into the century, but here again is uncertainty, with the possibility that a much earlier date is nearer the traith. 4 The University of Pennsylvania, which was organ-

Who have been generals and who lieutenan generals in the United States Army? A. J. K. generals in the United States Army? A. J. K.
George Washington was made Lieutenant General July 3, 1798, and on March 3
of the next year became General, his former title and office being abolished. The
grade was re-established February 15,
1850, to be conferred by brevet only, and
to be abolished, once the grade had been
filled and become vacant. It was at
once conferred upon Major General Winfield Scott. Again the grade was revived
in 1854 for U. S. Grant; two years later he
had the grade of General. On his becomhad the grade of General. On his becom-ing President, W. T. Sheriran was pro-moted General, he having had the rank of Lieutenant General since July 25, 1888. P. H. Sheridan, too, held both runks, and

rave been given?

There have been money grants by the Federal Parliament, by Provincial Legislatures, and by municipalities; loans, lovernment guarantee of interest, and of railroad bonds, Government base of debutures, direct issue of Government bonds, railway companies with entures direct issue of Government bonds to railway companies with a first mortgage on the railway property. Imperial Government guarantees of capital, share capital locally distributed, land grasts, release of Government loans by placing them behind other loans, composition of Government claims, assumption by Government of liabilities, direct construction by Government, and combined land and money grants. Up to and including the fiscal year ended June 30, 1000, the last statistics obtainable, there have been paid in systematized subsidies \$20,200,312; in exceptional subsidies, \$48,225,582, and \$2,361,000 has been transferred to the public debt. Loans have aggregated \$748,638, lie debt. Loans have aggregated \$748,628, the amount authorized being \$15,000. The railroads have realized from land grants \$31,162,917, one road making no returns of

Who is United States Consul at Cairo, Egypt? D. O. B. John G. Long is our consul general

Has the golden rod ever been the New York State flower? W. M. No; the rose is New York's flower, the maple its tree.

Three hundred and eighty-seven miles.

May a new design of a printed fabric be patented? 2. May an inventor so assign his invention as to have the patent issue to an PHIL P.

Who wrote verses containing the following ines: "My life is like the summer rose, that spens to the morning sky?" CLRIOUS. Richard Henry Wilde. The first seven words were taken as the title of the poem.

How did the attendance at the Columbian Exosition at Chicago compare with that at last ear's expesition at Paris? The number of visitors at Chicago was 7,529,000, and at Paris 50,000,000.

The average weight of the African tusks is about thirty pounds. Indian tusks are smaller, 2 From 6,000 to 9,000

Seven: the mother of Jesus, Mary Mag-dalene, the mother of James, the wife of Cleophos, the sister of Lazarus, the mother of John Mark, and a female be-liever in Rome who had helped Faul. Who invented baseball? 2. What is the proper

Why is the horse shoe taken as an amblem of The practice of nailing a horseshoe over the door is a very old one in England. The inevitable legend connected with the practice has St. Dustan shoeing the devil.

In what year did the words "In God we trust" In 1866, when they replaced "E Pluribus

Will you tell me of the battles fought between Pern and Chile in their war of about ten years

When did the Indian outbreak occur at Leech Lake, Minn.? 2. Will you sketch the history of the Goebel law in the Kentucky Legislature? J. W. M.

In October, 1898. 2 It was introduced February 1, 1858, by Senator William Goe-bel, was referred to the comittee on Judi-chary of which its author was chairman, and was adopted by a vote of 20 to 15. In the House it passed March 19-57 to 42. Governor Bradley vetued it, but both houses passed it over his veto on March II, and it at once became a law.

What is the membership of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, and when and by whom was it organized? 2. Where and by whom was the Knights of Pythias or-ganized, and what is the total membership in

land, about 1745. Lodges were organized here about 1886, but had short lives, and on April 28, 1819, Thomas Wildey and four others who had been members of Odd Fellows' lodges in England organized in Eultimore the first permanent lodge. The membership now is 1,25,000. 2. In Washington, D. C., February 19, 1881, by Justus 11, 1971, but 115. Karnak and Nauerntis and Babylon—
Where now are their kings' palaces of stone?
As the card houses children build in play,
Tempest and flame and ruin and decay
Have wasted them, and all their lights are gone.
Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London, Rome,
Like unsubstantial figureats, shall depart.
Their treasure heards of learning and of art,
Which war and toil have won, a ruthless hand
Will setter wide as levels the wild foam
Gatners and wastes and buries in the sand.
—William Prescott Foster, in the Atlantic. H. Rathbone. Its membership is 492,506.

Can you give me statistics of the assistance given to railroads in the Dominion of Canada, pecifying particularly the kinds of aid that

They've given loving service—those poor hands With fretted nails, and fingers bent and worn; They hear the sears which Sacrifice demands Those located bands with soft and reverent trace Have gently closed tired lids o'er sightless eyes. Then clasped in prayer before the throne of Dear hands! Brave hands! I proudly honor you!

its land sales.